

# Western Lore



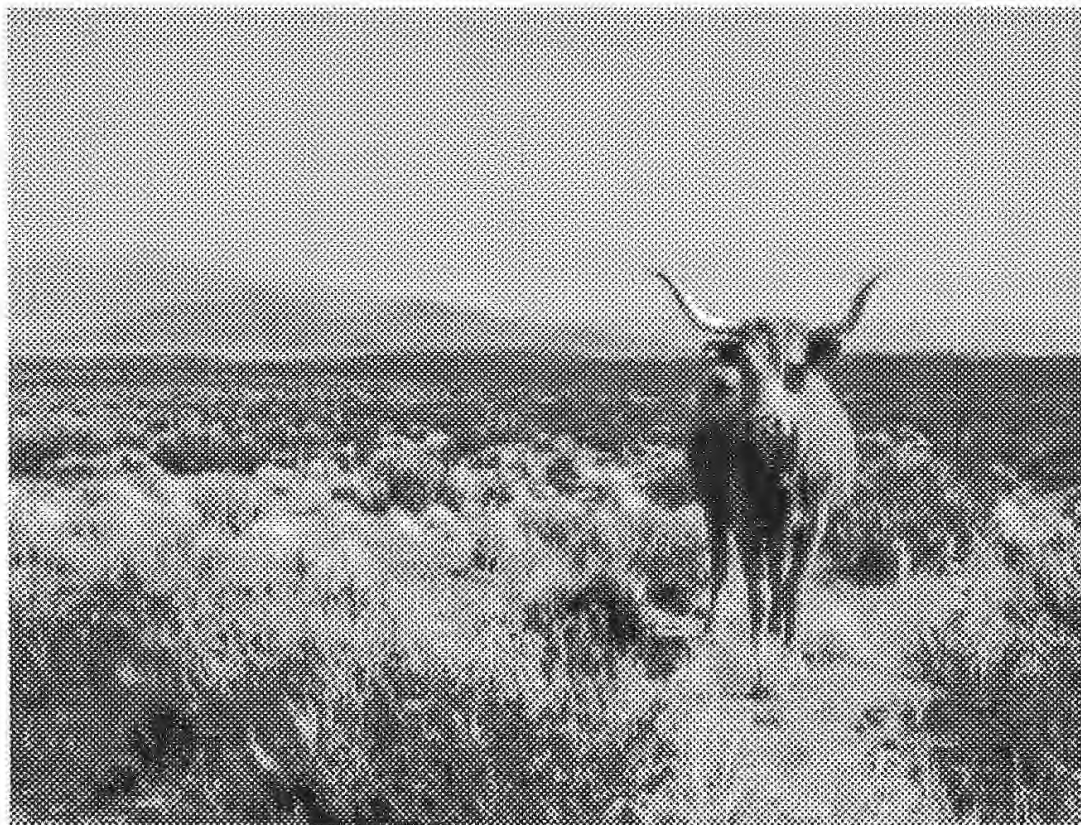
m a g a z i n e

ISSUE NUMBER THREE

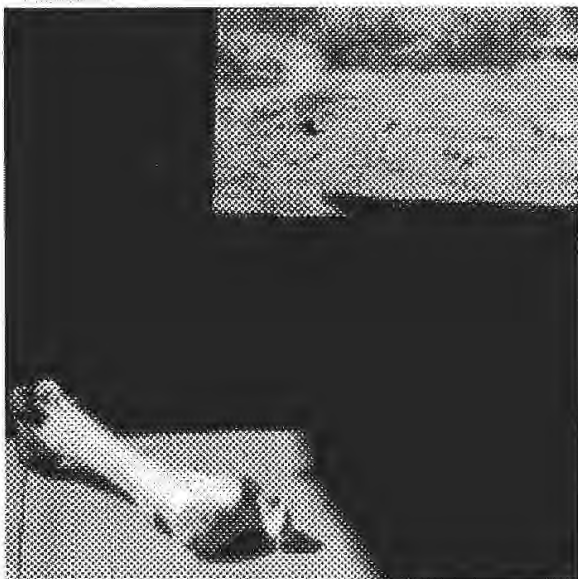
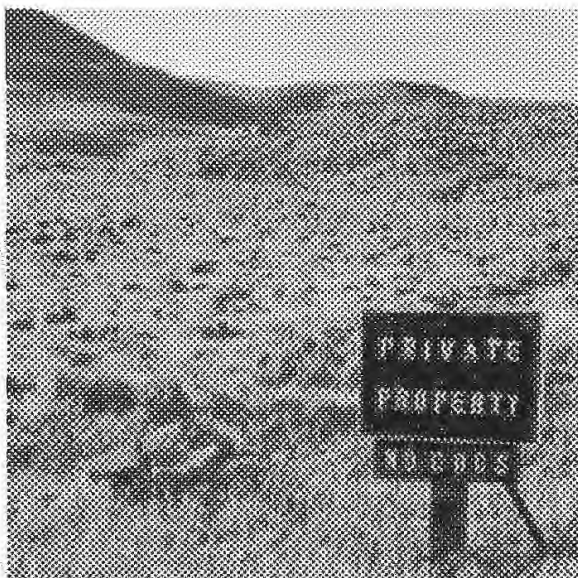


# Welcome to Western Lore,

Issue Number Three, a magazine exploring various western topics, focusing loosely on ghost towns and related junk. There is no real scheduled production, and we haven't figured out a subscription setup yet, but if you send enough money, we'll mail you anything you want.



Alex Zangeneh Azam made this look fancy, Old Man Tim Foster did the comic, photos were taken by Jeff Darras, the Armstrong family, some by others like Hans Sommer (the postcard photo of him was taken by someone else, but with his camera), and Tim White wrote all of this crap and took a bunch of pictures.



# So here We are,

Issue Number Three. Dang. Why does this stuff take so dreadfully long to put together? I don't know. But I do know this: We are getting better at all of this crap.

If you are a reader of previous issues you'll notice things are slowly progressing; photos are clearer, text is crisper, design is more cohesive, hell, we are getting more consistent. All of this progress could account for the lengthy production time-frame, but real magazines put out better stuff every month so I can't really use that excuse. It's probably more like we all have day jobs and are generally lazy. But we're trying.

A big reason why this issue looks so damn nice is due to our new Western Lore layout/design manager, Mr. Alex Zangeneh Azam. He's good, he works for free. We are very happy.

Perhaps another reason why this issue took so long to put out is timing. I wrote most of this junk last fall and was just about to put it all together when I upped and went to Baja for a couple of weeks. It was a great trip and I was hell bent on putting this issue on hold in order to put out a special Baja issue. So I started working on that and changed my mind again. I decided to put this one out first.

Yet another slowing factor was the fancy comic in this issue. Old Man Foster took a while getting it all wrapped up, but it was well worth it. A fine job.

We're working on making this as good a publication as we can. The feedback has been good, people are sending postcards. All I can say is, keep reading and we'll keep writing.

# Rawhide.

For a ghost town, how can you beat a name like Rawhide? Friends and I wanted to check it out based on the name alone. This time though, we wanted to be more prepared than the previous trips, and to know that a vacant town awaited us. Once I found out about the existence of Rawhide, I went to the library to do research and ordered a topo map of the area.

The town boomed in 1908 from a plentiful silver supply. I found a photo of the main street – people everywhere, businesses thriving. Around 2,000 people once lived up on this desert hill. The most recent photos showed a scattering of buildings, including the old jailhouse.

The town was apparently brought down by a couple of fires and floods – a very common demise for mining camps built of wood on sandy mountains. The topo map showed where mines, trails, and the old buildings were. Sounded like the perfect place to go.

The previous two ghost town trips were packed into two day weekends and felt rushed. We didn't get enough before we had to head home. This time the decision was

made to take the Friday before off work to make it a 3-dayer. It was Hans, Jeff, and I again on this trip, as well as our friend Bill, from L.A.

The Wednesday night before the trip, I was at my mid-town Sacramento apartment studying frantically in order to get school shit out of the way so I could have more fun and not be behind. I heard a loud pounding on my front door. I opened it and got tackled by Hans, Jeff and Bill. "What do you guys want?"

"We just picked Bill up from the airport and we are going to Sam's Hof Brau for beers. Put your shoes on, let's go."

Of course I wanted to go but I knew it was a bad idea. They lobbied hard and I decided to go for just one beer, then I was to head back to finish up my crap.

Bill ordered a round of tequila shots first thing. The waitress brought them over as Jeff was in the middle of telling us a story in an animated Jeff-type way. He swung his arms up just as the tray of shots was coming down and the shit went everywhere. We didn't have to worry, though, Bill had a gold card





and Sam's had plenty of booze. We did our best to help diminish their stock.

Sometime around 2:00 am, we stopped by my place to get clothes and a sleeping bag. We drove out to the Fort (Hans' and Jeff's house) and jumped in the swimming pool for some good ole summer style sobering up. It kinda worked.

Woke up early with such horrible hangovers that there was no way we could go to work. We all called in sick and decided to make it a four day camping trip instead. Packed the truck, crossed the Sierra Nevadas and headed east into the glorious Nevada desert.

We drove for quite some time on HWY 50. At first there were towns here and there, then, after a while, it slowly turned into just that road and our vehicles in a sea of desert. Just past the big dunes at Sand Mountain was a dirt road heading south, the heavily bullet holed sign read "Rawhide," with an arrow.

The dirt trail headed straight and flat. After several miles, it started to climb up over a small range. Once we started descending from the hills we could see an awe-inspiring

valley with a dry lake bed at the bottom. At the bottom of the hill our topo map directed us to turn right, heading west for a brief time, then back up into the range, where on top we were to find Rawhide.

We pulled up to the gate of a huge, modern mining operation – loud machines, trucks hauling rocks around, a chain link fence complete with barbed wire and a security booth at the gate. "What the hell is this?" we thought. We hoped we were just lost, but after talking to the pleasant security guard, we were saddened to find out that this was Rawhide, Nevada, 1991.

When the friendly security guard told us, with a smile on her face, that they came through in 1986 and leveled the place in order to reactivate the mines – using methods that were not possible in 1908 – we ceased thinking she was pleasant. I realized that the topo map of the area was dated 1986 and it was all I could do to keep myself from ripping it to shreds because it occurred to me at that moment the reason the map was made. Dammit!

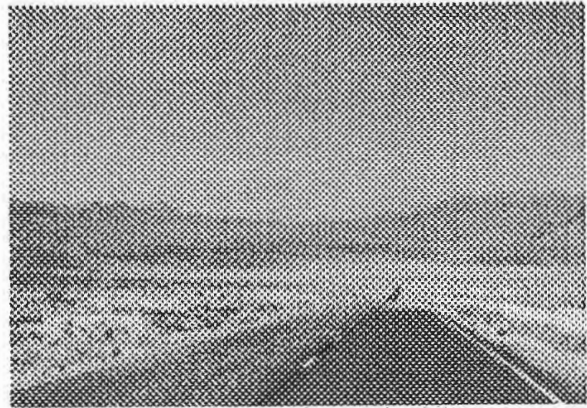
Apparently, the old jailhouse was the building with the most historical significance and, being made of stone, was in the best shape; so they tore it down piece by piece and trucked it off to Hawthorne and erected it there as a historic monument to the town of Rawhide. That ain't so bad, I guess.

We piled in the truck and drove off aimlessly into the hills, cursing and ranting all the while. Found a secluded spot overlooking the valley and decided to call it home for the night. Gathered wood, built fires and popped open some beers.

I forgot to mention that our friends Kozmo and Tom rented a car and planned on meeting us out there. They had a copy of the topo map and knew that we were going to Rawhide – and that was all of the information they were going on. As the first night found us in a remote area well way from where we thought we'd be, and knowing that we would camp somewhere else for the remainder of the weekend, we started to wonder what would become of them.

It got dark and we got good and drunk. Got tired, too. I crawled into the back of Hans' truck to go night-night. A little while later, Bill, who is not a small man by any stretch of the imagination, crawled back there too – stinky, big, belching, farting, snoring Bill. Oh well, I was half asleep.

Once Bill and I were completely asleep, we were rudely awakened by a giggling Hans and Jeff jumping into the driver and passenger seats and starting the truck up. This was not good – barreling down the bumpy hill, a little too fast, Bill smothering me, both he and I hitting the top of the truck's cap over every bump. Hans and Jeff thought it was so funny. Hans then decided that we should go off the trail and out onto the rough desert terrain. Now, that was fun. Bumping over rocks and washes, mowing over sagebrush,



up and down, up and down, up and stop. Boom! Uh, uh-oh! We went up and didn't come back down. Not even a little squish. An inspection outside of the vehicle showed the front tires off the ground with a nice big ole rock lodged under the middle of our transportation device.

"Aw shit," remarked Hans. I think Bill and I laughed the hardest.

Hans happened to have a shovel in his truck, so we dug a hole in front of the rock and pushed the truck forward so the rock would fall into the hole and put the front wheels back on the ground. We drove back to the camp spot marveling at the idiocy of the situation. We all went to bed and made it through the night without disturbance.

Next morning found us driving down to the dry lake bed to check it out. Dry lake beds are fucking great – all flat, hard, and white. We drove out to the middle, parked, jumped out of the truck, then began running in different directions for quite some distance. I noticed Hans, off in the distance, taking his clothes off. What a geek. He left his hiking boots on. All of us but Hans ran back to the truck, his truck, and started driving towards him. He was running, trying to catch up with us. It was funny – his little pee-pee swinging. We started taking pictures of him

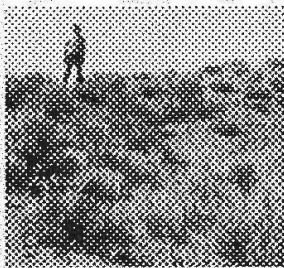




and acted like we were on a Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom expedition – chasing the rare animal around in its natural habitat.

That was fun and everything, but we got bored. Noticed on the topo map a hot springs just outside of the dry lake bed at the outer edge of the valley. We determined the coordinates using the map and Hans' compass and made Jeff ride on the roof, holding the compass in the direction we needed to go. He kept yelling "Left, right," etc. to keep us on course. As we approached our "X" on the map, we saw an old house-trailer with a bunch of junk cars scattered about. By the time we realized that someone lived at the hot springs and we should turn around, it was too late – a scrungy guy was coming out of his house.

We pulled up, took out our maps, scratched our heads, apologized and told the guy what we were up to. He said, "So ya came to see my bathtub?" with a big ole hillbilly-style grin. "Come on back." His name was Ray. Super nice guy.



The water was channeled from the ground into a cooling pond where it was mixed with colder water. From there, it was channeled into a building framed of timbers and clothed in corrugated galvanized steel. Inside was a big ole concrete swimming pool – 90 to 100 degrees F of mineral water. Ray let us jump in.

All the while we were splashing about, the crust flaking off our bodies, relishing the beauty of all of this, Ray told us the history of the place. It once used to be owned by the such-and-such family, they made a business out of it, blah, blah... After a while, Ray asked us what the hell we were doing out there. We told him about visiting Rawhide and how we were into ghost towns. He went inside and got a bunch of photos. First off, Ray showed us pictures of his girlfriend, who lives in Texas. That was strange, but then, come on, Ray lives in the middle of the desert. He then told us that he would let us know about a good ghost town as long as we didn't go mess it up. He showed us pictures of it and it looked great – about five standing buildings in good shape. He then showed us on the map where a marker for

Poinsetta Mine was. That was the spot.

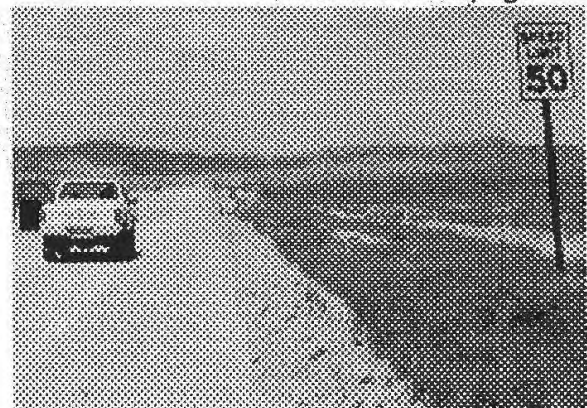
Once again we were trudging off through the desert, looking for another spot. Blasted to the other side of the valley and headed up the appropriate hill. Once on top, we looked down and saw our quaint little deserted miner haven. Cool as shit.

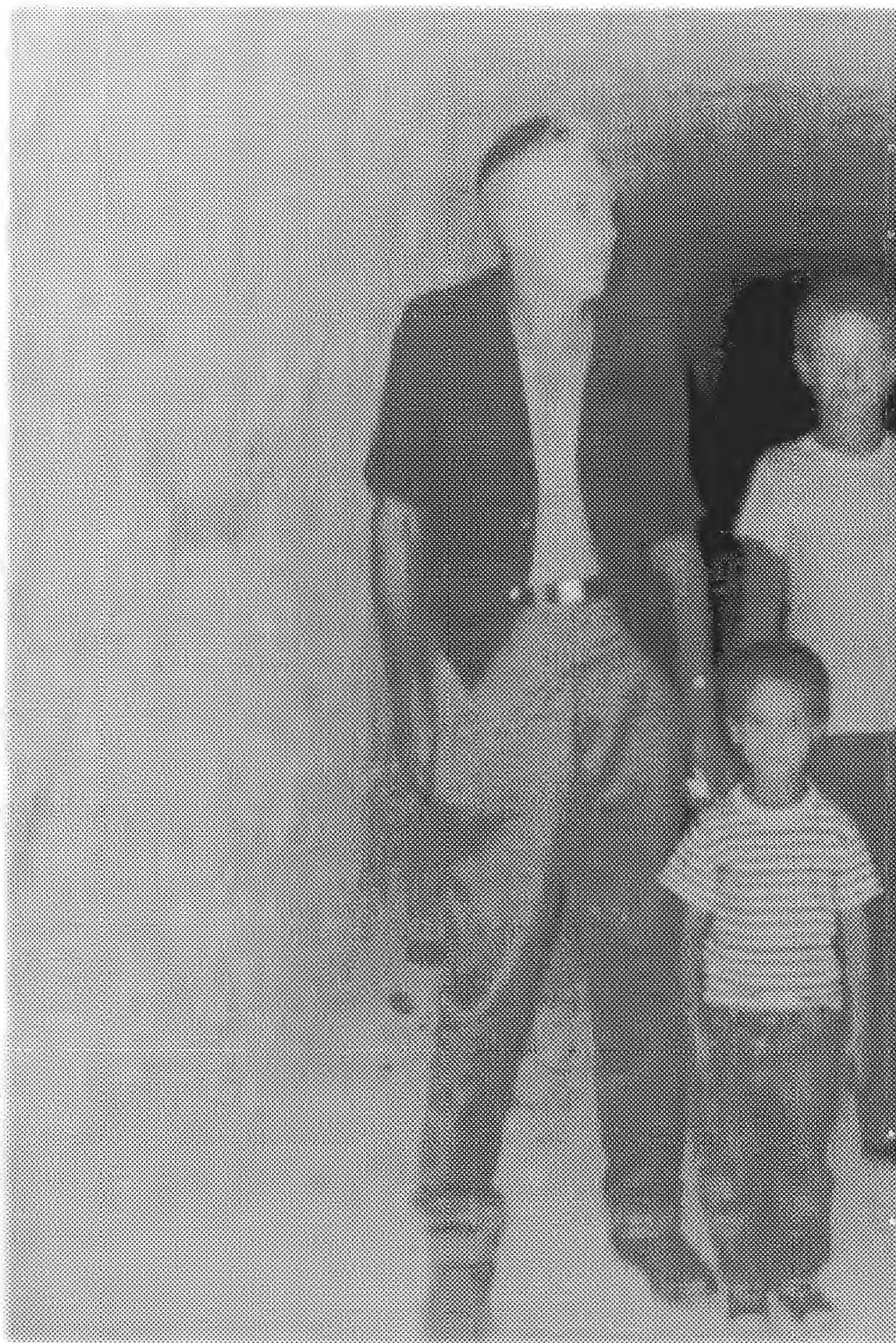
Poinsetta was the best ghost town we had been to yet. Despite the worn signs from the Hawthorne Boy Scouts marking their clean-up efforts, this camp felt deserted – everything we'd hoped for. One mine, three houses, a couple of sheds, and a half-underground food storage hut, were all that were there. That was enough though, because we were hidden in that nook in the desert mountains far from anything or anyone.

We set up camp and loaded the best house full of sleeping bags, food stuffs, and other camping crap. We lit a fire next to the house and cooked food. The buzz from the booze we were drinking increased with the oncoming darkness. When it was pitch black, we were good and tossed; we were sitting in lawn chairs and some of the delapidated chairs left behind in the "living room" of the first house. We had a bunch of big ole candles lit and started to tell real-life spooky stories. It actually felt creepy. Hans suggested going into the little food hut to get stoned and tell more ghost stories. We did. And it was REALLY creepy. So we stopped.

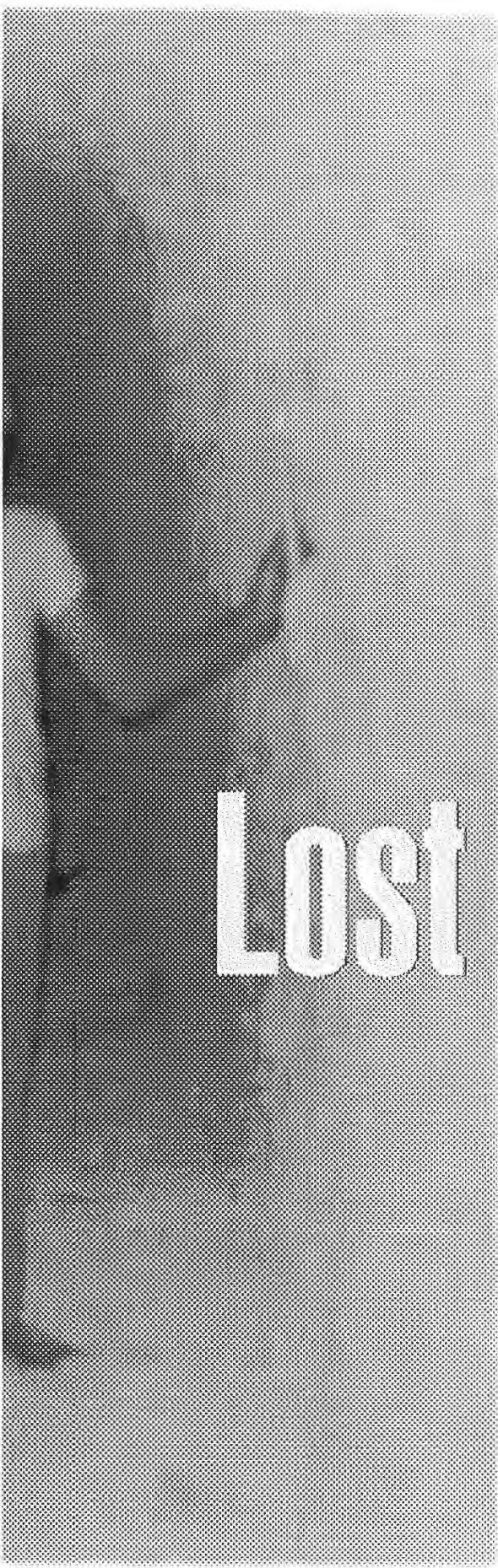
At some point we all fell asleep. The next morning we got up, made breakfast and decided to go out and play in the desert. As we were sitting around eating, we noticed a solitary pine tree off in the distance, close to the top of one of the hills. We filled the water bottles, grabbed some food and beers and set off for a hike. As we approached the only form of green vegetation visible, it

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# Lost Town.

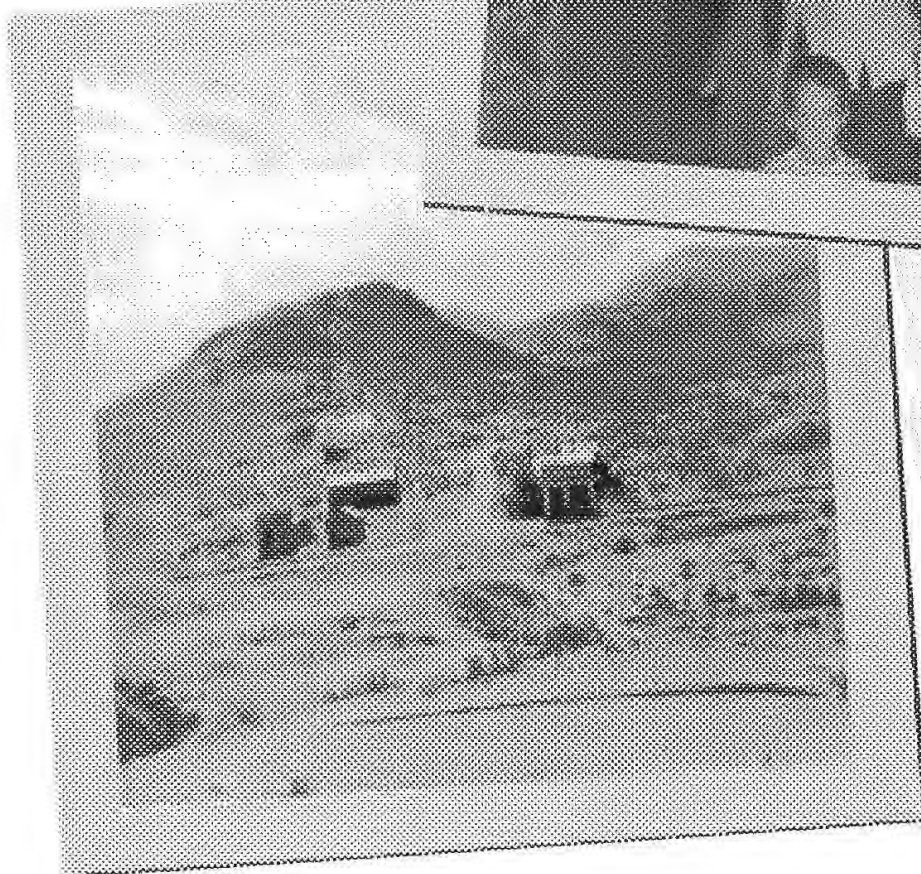
This guy I work with found out about the existence of this zine and asked for a copy. Shit, I hate that. People who haven't seen it expect something good, clean, well written, you know, a "quality" publication. I know they won't like the damn thing and I don't even want them to read it, but I'll seem like an asshole if I tell them they wouldn't like it and refuse to give them one, but I know if they don't like it, they'll still be polite and say it's good, then go "Ooh shheesh, what the fuck is Tim doing with that crap-ass rag?"

I gave one to this guy Chris, and told him it's about ghost towns and garbage, but not really, and it's not good, blah, blah. He says, "Oh yeah? My parents used to take me to ghost towns when I was a little kid. We went to a really cool one once, what was it...Rawhide? Have you ever heard of that one?"

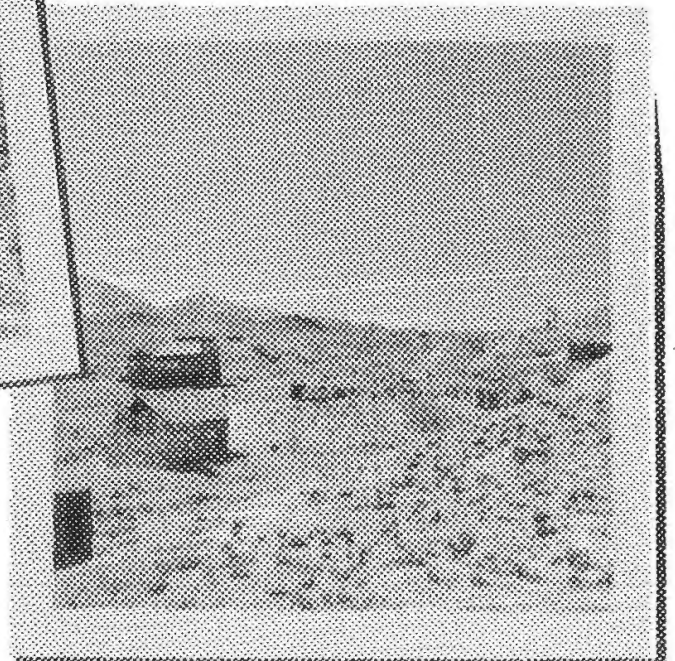
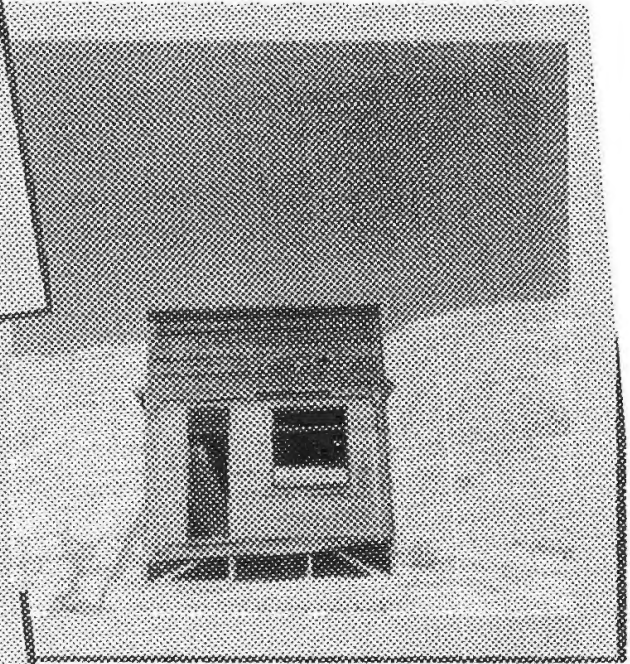
Holy shit! This guy had been to Rawhide before they came through and fucked it all up! "No way!" I exclaimed. Thought his parents might even have some old pictures kicking around. He said, "It was a long time ago; musta been the late sixties." Fuckin' A Rudy! I told him I needed to see those pictures. He told me he'd see if he couldn't scrounge them up. I decided not to get my hopes up. What if he had it confused with another town, say Bodie or something, somewhere well documented throughout time. And if he was able to get the pictures from his parents, there'd probably be just one, and most likely a boring one.

One day he came over to my desk and told me he had them. I nearly soiled myself. They were so nice. They mesmerized me. This town I'd obsessed over, the town I've always thought would've been the quintessential Nevada ghost town, only to have my dreams dashed by some greedy modern mining fucks who came and obliterated my town, was alive in these

pictures. It was real. It existed, because, unlike a book, I had Chris standing in the room beside me, and he was the same Chris as the little kid in the photos. He said, "We slept in that building," as he pointed to one of the photos. He seemed sincerely sad when I told him the fate of our town.









# Sunsets.

A couple of weeks ago a bunch of us went out to Poinsettia. I've been there something like four times now; I just can't seem to get enough of that place. During that first day we all went for a hike to the big hill to look for the can of beer we stashed a few years back as incentive to come back to that spot, because it's such a great view. When we all arrived back at camp, we got good and drunk and played a few horse-shoe matches. Being all liquored up gave Old Man Foster, Steve, Mark, and Gio the guts to climb down the vertical mine-shaft that goes down some 600 ft. or so. Nutcases, thought Jeff and I.

Actually, Mark and Steve had the sense to stay up top and wait for the rest of them to die a miserable death. It's a really dumb idea to climb down rotted wooden ladders in holes that drop you straight to hell.

Okay, so these guys are playing in the mine-shaft, meanwhile Jeff and I are getting hungry and thinking about a little din-din. Jeff starts up the campfire and I start chopping veggies. Here's one of the great things about this old mining camp: House number one is in really good shape – floors are stur-



dy, roof intact, solid walls. It's a good house, but the best part is that it has a screened in front porch with a big long table right in front of the window that faces the west. The direct view from there isn't much. The porch faces a small hill, but on the other side of this hill is the vast Gabbs Valley, which you can get a peek of when looking off to the right from the porch. Besides the hill, our moron friends were directly in front of us climbing into the earth.

What's nice about this is that you can pull a chair up to the table and chop veggies as you look out over the desert. In a strange way it's like being at home; you'll be there with your knife and cutting board focusing on cubing those taters, bells, and other stuff, but every now and again you'll look up and realize where you are. It hits you that these are a couple of houses that were built in the middle of the desert because someone found a little silver or gold, mined it for a few years, then left. And we are there now – camping.

Instead of being at home chopping food, able to cook it in a stove, then eat at a set table, we chose to come here. We prepare our eats on a crap-ass weathered wood table, wrap the shit up in foil, and chuck it into an inconsistent campfire.

As I sat there chopping, I would stop every now and then, sit back, take a sip of beer, and wonder: What the hell makes this so much fun? I think part of it is being outdoors, part of it is being somewhere else, part of it being away from any semblance of civilization, part of it is the simplicity, and part of it is the time of day.

The sun was on its way out. As Jeff and I sat there chopping and talking shit about those losers down in the hole we casually acknowledged to each other that soon we'd have to go check out the sunset. "Are you ready?" I asked as Jeff was grabbing some extra beers and putting on his jacket. "Just about." We walked past the monkey kids and quickly checked out what they were doing, then headed up the hill.

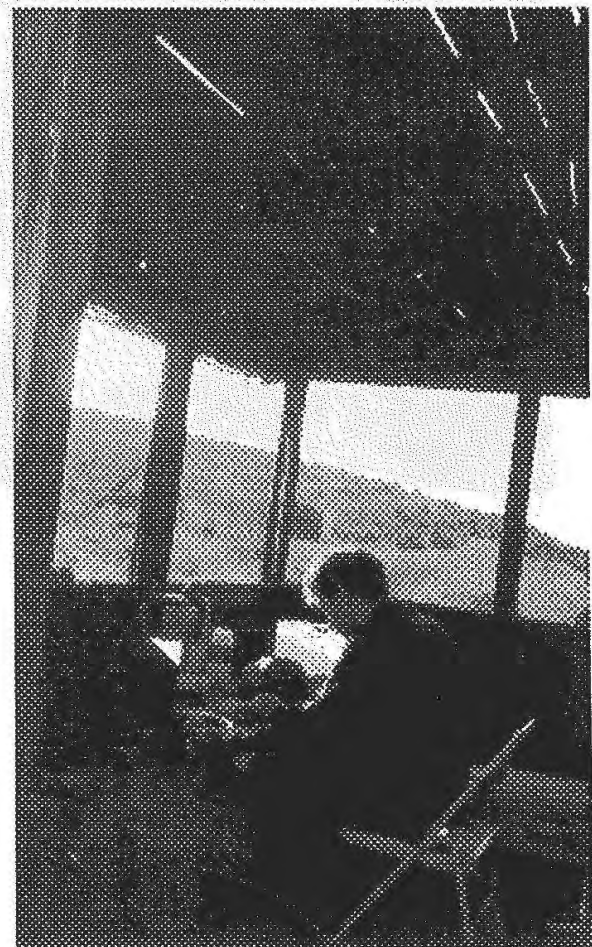
Now, like I was saying, Jeff and I have been to this town several times. We've seen the sun go down from the top of that hill, and maybe that's why we wanted to do it again – to see if it still kicks as much ass as it has everytime before.

The bottom of the sun was still a good 1/2 inch above the horizon, but the sky

started to darken its blues up top and brighten its yellows and reds around the edge. We popped a couple of beers and Jeff started talking about some random thing. Jeff's good at that. He'll start talking about nothing and just keep going. Don't tell him this, but I stopped listening to him after a while. I got to looking at the sky and my mind began to wander.

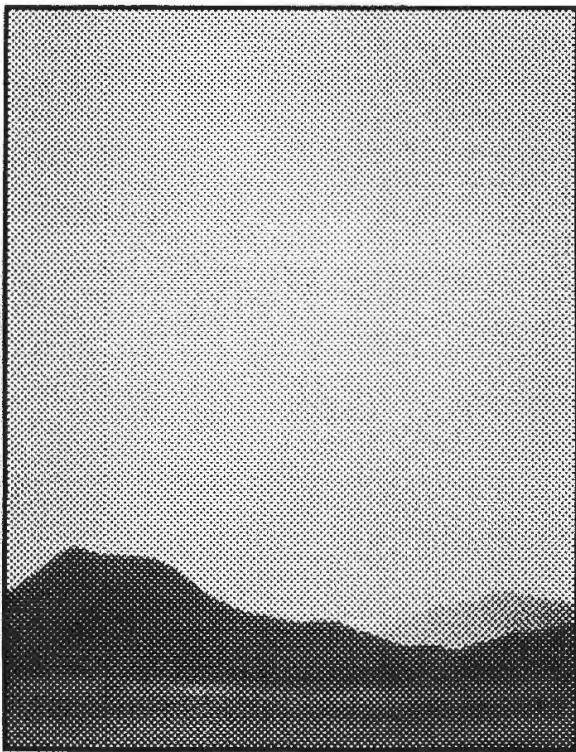
What the fuck is it with sunsets!? They are so damn nice! I don't get it. It does the same thing day after day. I bet part of my love for them lies in the fact that I'm an idiot. It does this everyday, yet I am a loser who lives in a house in a city and am usually doing some bullshit thing while all this magic is taking place. Seems that only when I go camping do I get the opportunity to enjoy it. But it's so simple, yet so fucking cool.

The sun sank lower. Jeff and I sat in the dirt because we got tired of standing. Jeff was babbling. I think it was about how going to the desert is so much a part of him. He was getting philosophical, but I was stuck in my own head. There was that beautiful ring around the earth's horizon – that reddish



yellow blending ever so smoothly into the cool reddish pinks that blend into light purple going into light, medium, and dark dark blue. You can only analyze this by staring straight ahead, then slowly tilting your head back, and back, til people facing you can see up your nostrils.

I dabble with paintings. I suck, of course, but it's fun. I know that it's not possible to duplicate that kind of beauty. We've all seen tons of sunset paintings, but they come nowhere near the real thing. Don't get me wrong, being a hokey traditional romantic type, I love a lot of those paintings. For example, I think the Luminists, like Fitz Hugh Lane, knew their shit. But what happens is a painting takes on its own beauty, a beauty that, although resembling a "real" sunset, is still a beautiful painting, and not a beautiful sunset.



Being a painter, I understand the want to create that image, to duplicate what sunsets do in order to understand what makes them so purdy. I did this painting a few months ago that, although not a traditional sunset painting (I try to stay away from that because it's a bit too easy, a bit contrived, and many viewers, except most grandmothers, would be bored stiff because sunsets have been painted to death and now exist mostly in the realm of kitsch) had a sun setting behind a desert hill. I elongated the composition so that the sky filled most of

the picture plane, and my whole purpose was to practice a blending so smooth that it resembled that feeling of looking at the horizon and slowly tilting my head back and noticing the sky get oohh so gradually darker with no marks of separation of value.

Well, uh...the painting is kinda drab and dull. I realized that I would've had to make the sky in the painting a lot longer in order to get that "feel." Another thing I learned is that it took me over two hours, the first Flying Burrito Brothers album, and both Gram Parsons solo albums to put closure on what I thought to be a simple task. It turned out fairly smooth, but I can still see inconsistencies.

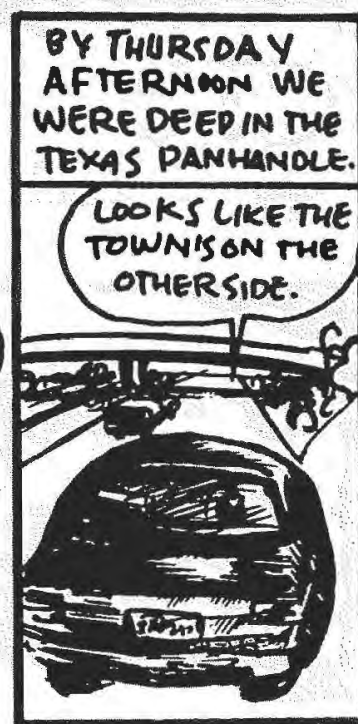
I realized something else. I discovered that much more how art and life go hand in hand. The moment staring at the sky, half listening to Jeff, and drinking beer, was entirely removed from when I was at home in front of my dopey little painting listening to Gram Parsons, but all those times of staring at sunsets, being a painter, made me think that it would be fun to create a blending exercise, attempting to create a successful illusion of the magic that the sky does naturally every single day, without exception. The two experiences, although so different, rely on each other.

I knew then, and I know now, that I wasn't going to trick anyone into believing that my image was anything spectacular, but looking at the ordinary things that take place all the time, fragmenting them, trying to analyze them in minutiae, is really fun, because time and time again I learn just how impossible it is to duplicate these natural wonders; and what I gain from these types of exercises is a sincere appreciation of stuff – in this case, the simple ole sunset.

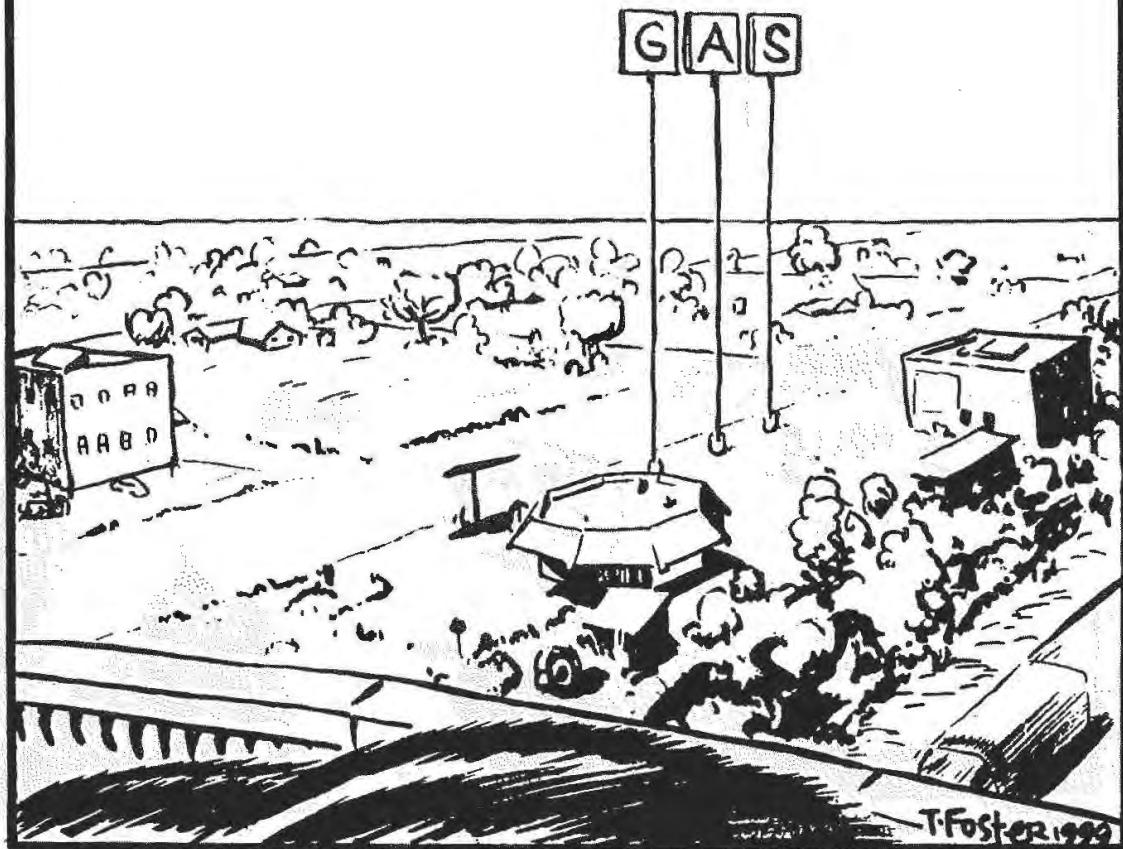
"What's that you were saying, Jeff?"

"Nothing." We headed back down the hill and met up with our buddies climbing out of the mine-shaft. They said it was fun, and scary, and that it may not have been the safest thing to do. We all went and sat around the fire and threw food in.

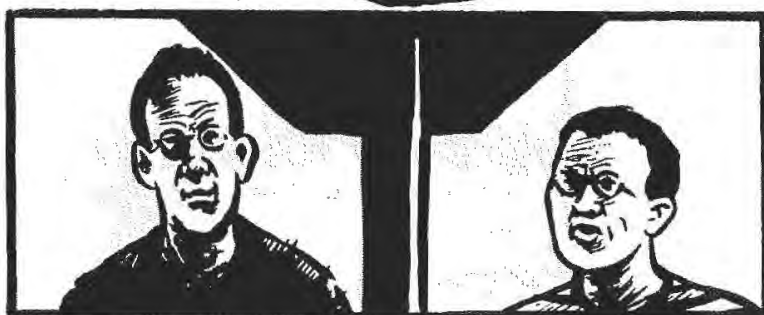


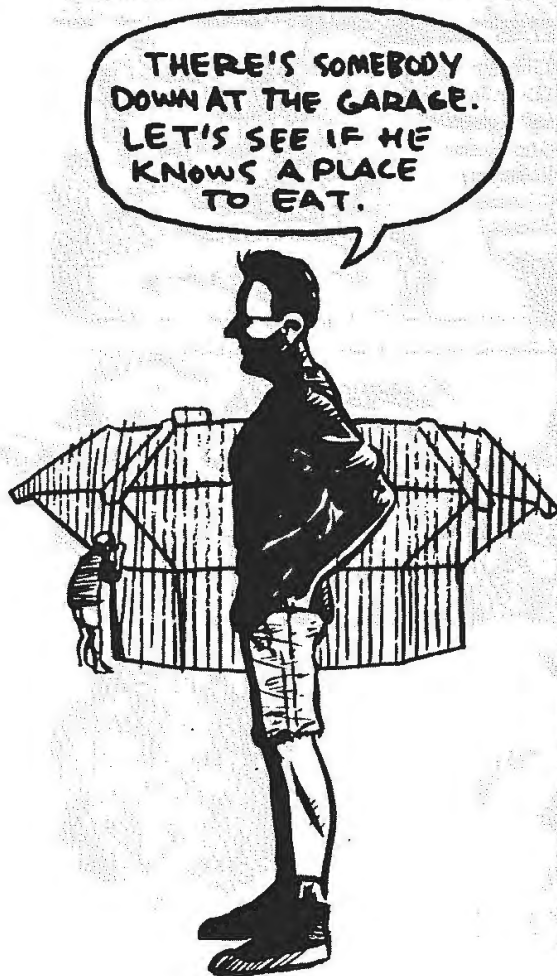


# ADRIAN, TEXAS



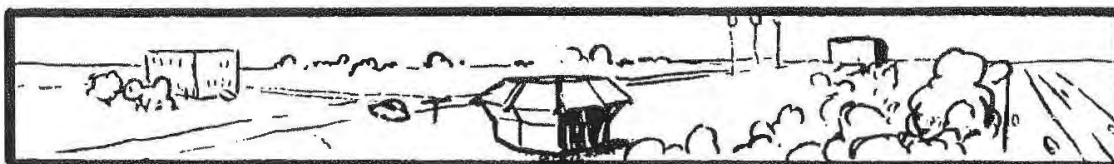




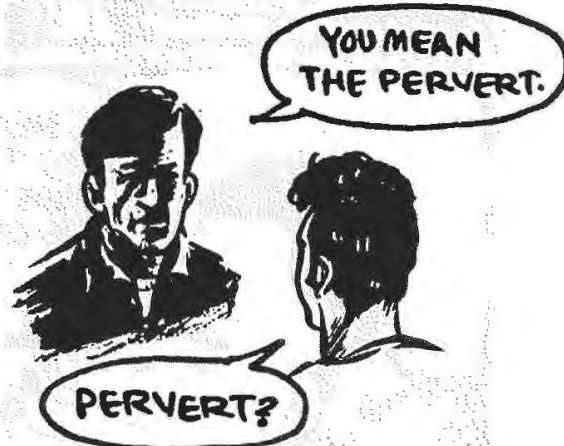
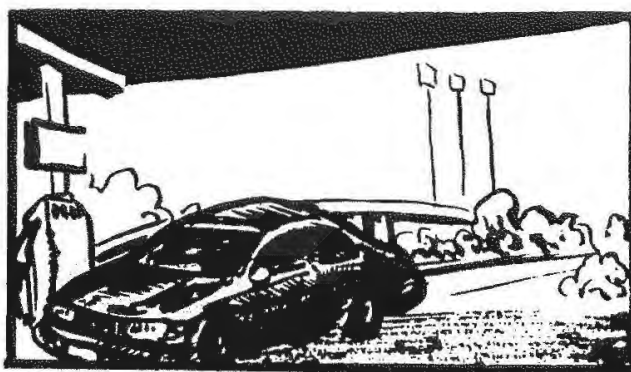
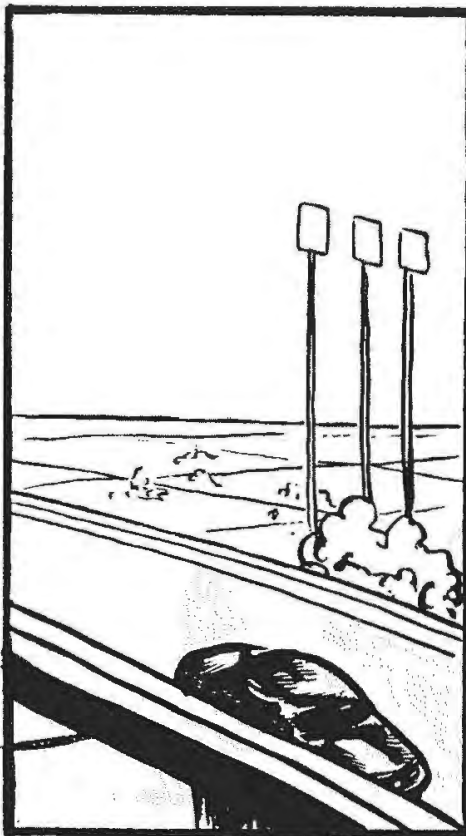




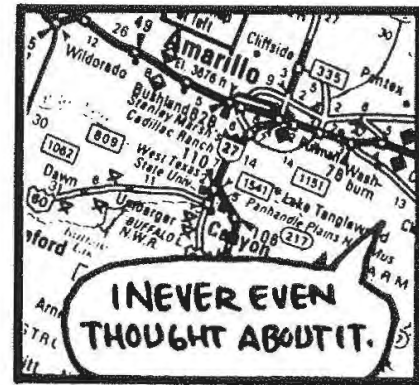
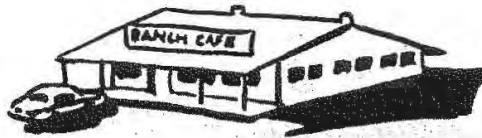








...YOU'RE RIGHT.



INEVER EVEN  
THOUGHT ABOUT IT.



LOOKS LIKE IT'S  
ABOUT 20 MILES  
FROM HERE.

BATHROOM  
DOWN THE HALL?

YEAH.

SOUNDS LIKE  
YOU BOYS ARE GOING  
TO CADILLAC  
RANCH.



YEAH...

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING  
ABOUT THOSE SIGNS UP IN  
ADRIAN? DID STANLEY  
MARSH PUT THOSE UP?



I'VE HEARD  
ABOUT THAT.  
SOUNDS LIKE  
SOME CRAZY  
THING HE'D  
DO...

IS HE A  
LITTLE BIT  
CRAZY?

STANLEY MARSH  
AIN'T A LITTLE BIT  
ANYTHING.



HON, I'M  
GONNA GO  
SIT DOWN  
FOR A  
MINUTE.

'K

YOU KNOW WHY  
STANLEY BUILT  
CADILLAC  
RANCH?







STANLEY USED TO BUY HIMSELF A BRAND NEW CADDY EVERY YEAR. FIRST TIME HE WENT TO TRADE IN THE OLD ONE, THE DEALER WAS ONLY GONNA GIVE HIM A COUPLE HUNDRED FOR IT- SAME DEALER HE GOT IT FROM!

WELL, STANLEY SAYS T'HELL WITH THAT! HE KEEPS THE OLD CAR AND GETS A NEW ONE TOO. THIS GOES ON EVERY YEAR FOR 'BOUT TEN YEARS!



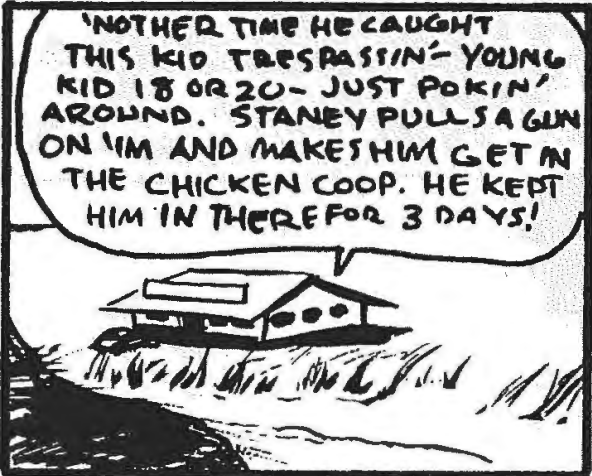
AFTER WHILE HE HAD TO DO SOMETHIN' WITH ALL THEM CARS



THAT'S WHEN HE PUT 'EM IN THE GROUND.

MAN, THAT'S FUNNY!

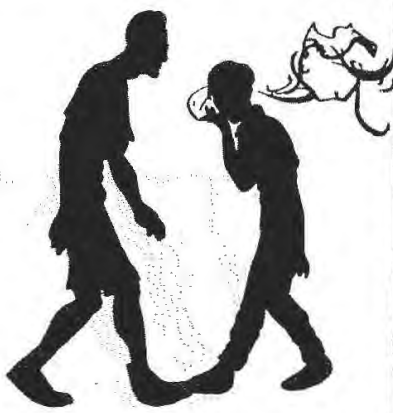
HE SOUNDS PRETTY NUTTY.



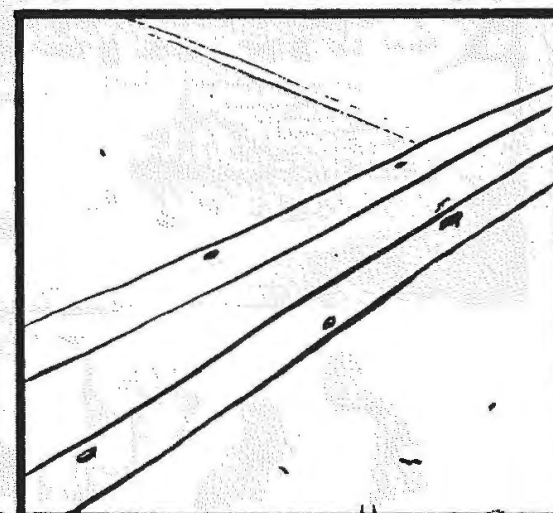
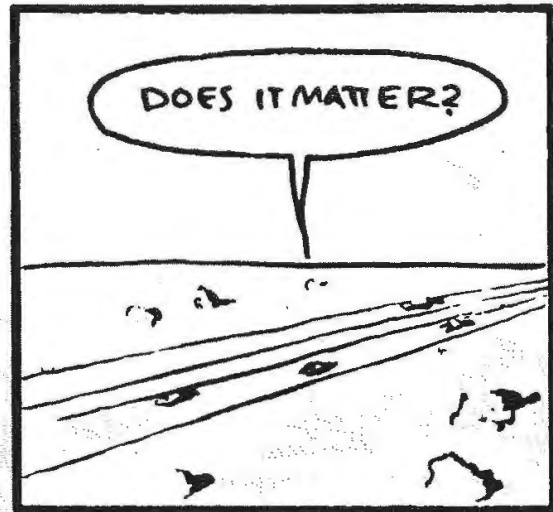
'NOTHER TIME HE CAUGHT THIS KID TRESPASSIN'- YOUNG KID 18 OR 20- JUST POKIN' AROUND. STANLEY PULLS A GUN ON 'IM AND MAKES HIM GET IN THE CHICKEN COOP. HE KEPT HIM IN THERE FOR 3 DAYS!



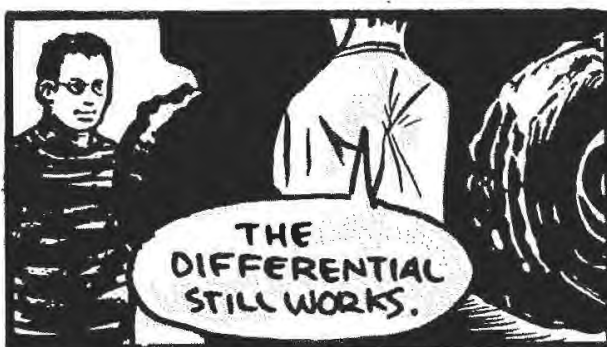
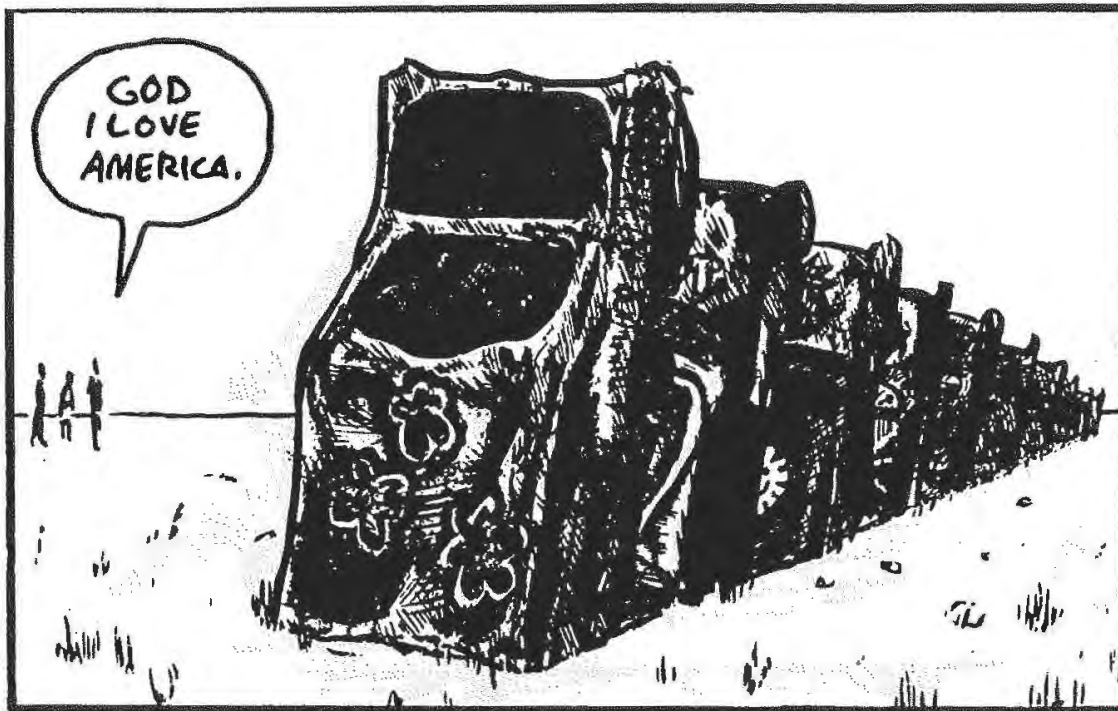
HE'D BEEN LOOKED UP A LONG TIME AGO IF IT WEREN'T FOR ALL HIS MONEY.

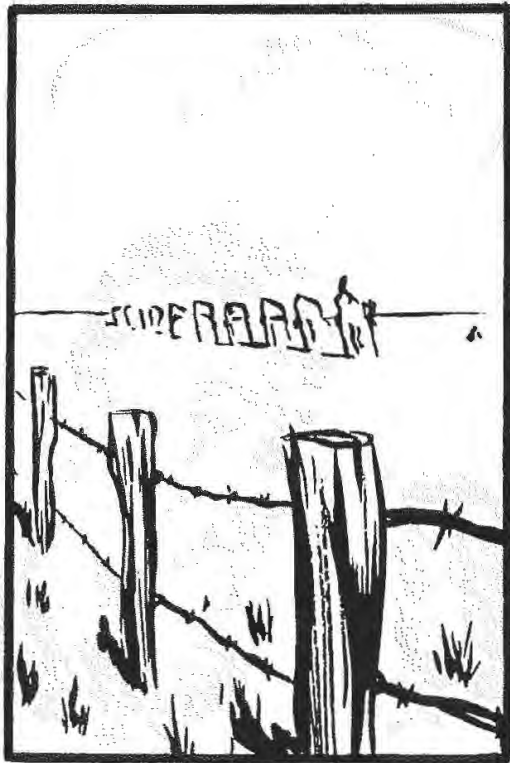


WHAT?





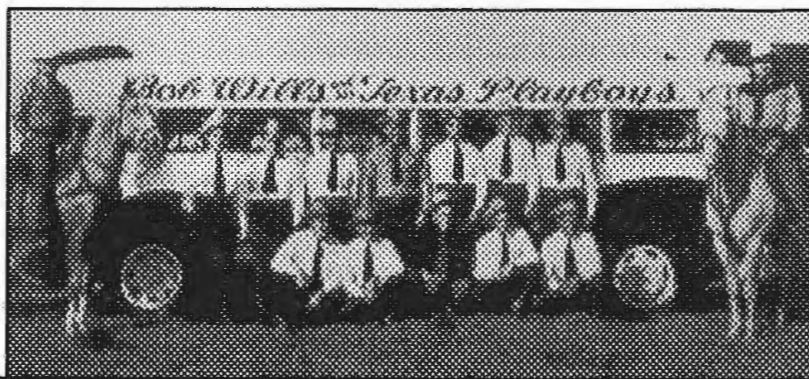






# Bob Wills

## and His Texas Playboys.



music

I was out in the garage fartin' around and listening to National Public Radio the other day and they broadcasted some bad news: Eldon Shamblin, dead. Eldon played guitar for Bob Wills and Texas Playboys.

They were interviewing this old codger who also used to strum a guitar for the Playboys. The geezer brought a guitar into the studio and was really anxious to show, not just tell, but show why Eldon was so great. He explained how Eldon mixed strumming styles of old hillbilly music with jazzy swinging shit and made it alive so people could stomp to it, then the crackling voice said, "Do you wanna hear what I'm talking 'bout?" The codger busted into that sound, that sound that helped Bob Wills become the king of western swing.

I washed my hands and locked up the garage. I went inside and pulled out an old Bob Wills record and refreshed my memory as to why this shit is so fucking good.

Now I know that a lot of people don't like country music. A lot of folks just don't "get it." They don't get chills when they hear Ira Louvin belting out back-up vocals so high (higher they are, closer to God - no shit) that Emmylou Harris had to ask Gram Parsons, "Who is that woman?" And keep in mind that I believe contemporary country - Garth, Winona, and the bunch, sucks eggs, but one has to, at least, appreciate the spirit of Bob's goods.

Bob did a funny thing. He set out to form the rockin'-est band to ever set foot in a road-

house. He knew how to play fiddle pretty well and he knew how to put a group of people together. He hand-picked every one of the musicians - only the best of the best - and gave them one chance. You fucked up, you were gone. Assembled a mass of about twenty or so - amount fluctuating due to people getting fired and others getting pissed and quitting.

Bob didn't even sing, well, not really. The Playboys had this great suave country singer guy, Tommy Duncan, but at random times, Bob with his weird high voice would chime in with "Aaahh, Hhhhaa!" and other corny things. The producers of the records were super annoyed but couldn't do anything about it; it was Bob's band. But it made it what it is - damn good music, straight from the gut.

The Playboys worked the scene, traveling around in a huge bus and playing small places where the drunks would stomp, shout and throw beer bottles, for years and years, until Bob got too old.

I can't explain why this stuff is so good, and so vital. Just listen to the records, or check this out as an example of what an impression they had: Merle Haggard, one of the best country stars ever, at the height of his career learned how to play fiddle, driving everyone on his tour bus bonkers, just so he could put out a record of Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys' songs. It's called "A Tribute to the Best Damn Fiddle Player in the World." Perfect.

# ...rawhide.



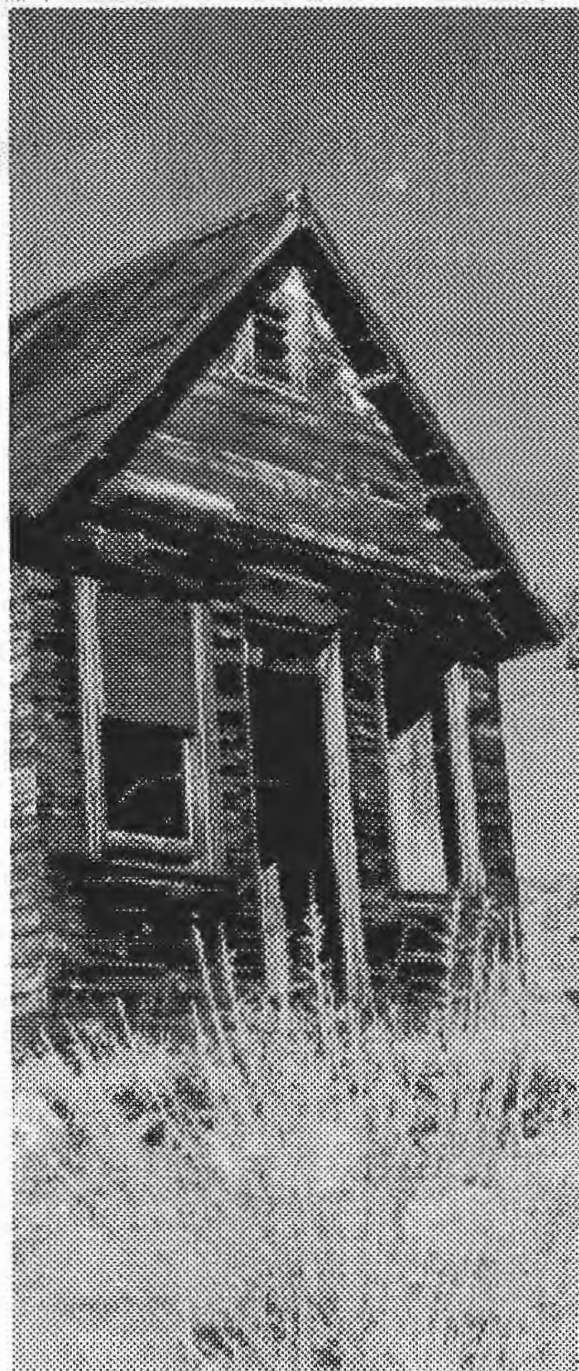
became clear why it was there – a cold spring. Cool. Horse and cow shit was everywhere. And they say cows are dumb, but they know where the water is.

There was a super high peak overlooking the large valley off to our right, so we thought it'd be fun to go climb on top and see the sights. We trudged through more desert terrain. Found a horse skeleton, all bleached and weathered. I took the head. Yeah. We hiked some more...and some more...and some more, then we were close. Once on top of the peak we'd forgotten how long it took to get there. The view was dope-ass and phat - as the kids say - hella bitchin and shit. We left a can of our high-quality Keystone brand beer on top, next to a rock, just so we could come back to that spot at some point and celebrate our return. Bad stale warm beer awaiting our arrival. Mmmmmmm... After the long walk back to home base, it was time to pack up and head home.

We blazed the smooth trails through that valley, heading towards the freeway, all of us crammed into Hans' truck realizing for the first time how bad we stunk, not talking, just thinking. It felt pretty good – a

CONTINUED...

cleansing feeling, you know, in a state-of-mind sorta way. Went back to my apartment and school and work with a whole new perspective on the world. And I guess that's one of the best parts of these trips; when you come home and walk around with your head in the clouds, reliving all of the intense good times consolidated into such a short amount of time. It takes a while to digest it all. It makes you realize that much more what is important in life and what isn't. Maybe I wasn't lying when I called in sick to work and school.





# Spud Cannons



The staff here at western lore is into the sporting life. One of our favorite guns is the potato gun. They are illegal. Below are the instructions to build one.

- Go to hardware store and buy appropriate structural parts. (ABS pipe, 1/4" wall)
- Buy one of those stove lighting thingamabobs.

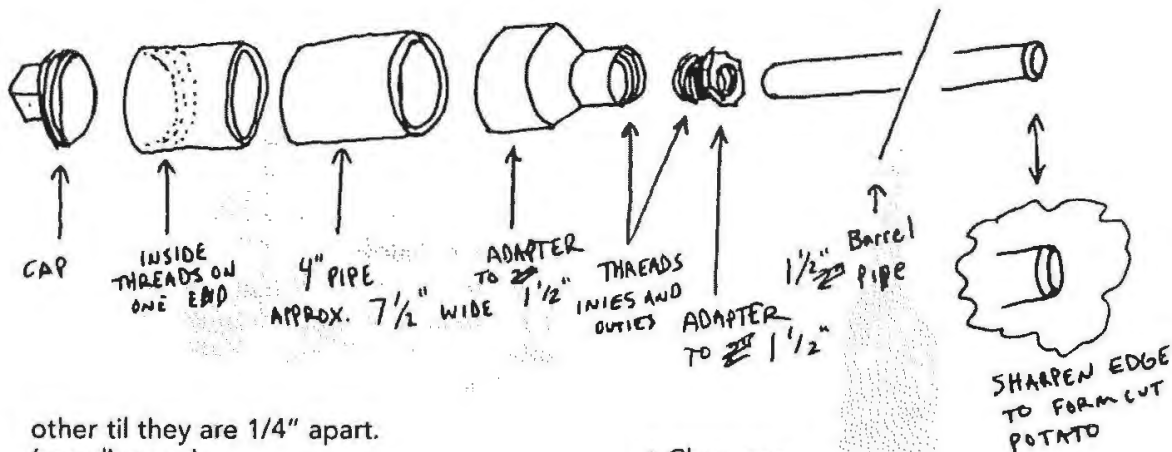


- Rip it apart and steal the trigger thingy.
- It should have one wire – keep this intact.
- Drill two small holes 3/4" apart and screw in tiny screws.
- On the inside, bend screws towards each

The cap allows you to spray igniter fluid into it, the barrel is designed to be removed for compact storage.

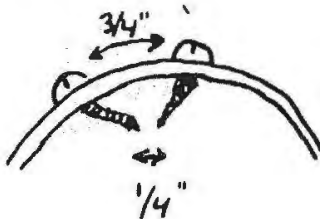
## HOW TO USE

- Push potato into barrel with palm of hand (cutting of excess ammunition)
- Push potato to bottom of barrel by using a broom handle.
- Open cap
- Spray starting fluid or carb cleaner into chamber for approximately 2 seconds.



other til they are 1/4" apart.  
(see diagram)

- Oh yeah, before screwin in the screws, attach the trigger wire to one of them.



- Use a big-ass hose clamp to fasten trigger to body.
- Assemble using appropriate ABS pipe glue. (Except where the barrel and cap threads on.

- Close cap
- Place one finger on screw without wire.
- Plant gun firmly into hip.
- Pull trigger.

## THINGS TO REMEMBER

- Ammunition is cheap.
- These are illegal.
- They Kick.
- Ammunition is 100% biodegradable.
- These can hurt real bad.



**Western Lore Tee-shirts:**

Our name on your chest. Five bucks, postage paid, gets you the finest light colored pre-worn thrift store tee-shirt available, or send \$3.20 in stamps along with a blank shirt and ink color preference.



**Western Lore Field Guide to Food:**

This helpful pamphlet is chock full of desert cooking recipes and advice on preparing vittles whilst camping. Send one buck.



**Western Porter:**

A pretty damn good home brew. Not a bargain at four bucks a bottle, but it's expensive to ship and we don't have much left.



**Western Lore Stickers:**

They are not vinyl, they will fade, they are the color of grocery bags, they are cheap. One buck gets you a bunch.

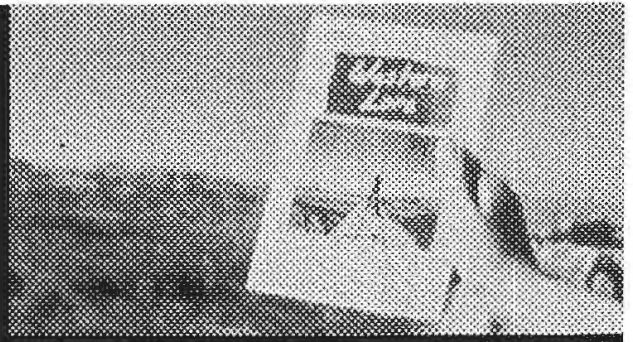
**make checks  
payable to:**

**Tim White  
3322 Broadway,  
Sacramento, Calif. 95817**

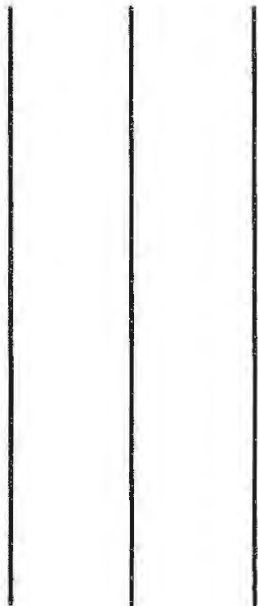


# Back issues

Send One Buck to:  
Tim White  
3322 Broadway  
Sacramento, CA  
95817



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